













**A REFLECTION.**  
BY S. B.

A word will call the spangled drops,  
And hidden founts reveal.  
And the gushing springlets flowing  
Sorrow's source can heal,  
Where are the founts that thus shall cleanse  
Woe despairing cries?  
We look on the world and all is dead,  
That most we love—it dies.

And when the throes of anguish gush,  
Darkening with their stain,  
When first these founts of love are op'd,  
These floodings are but pain.  
Then slowly stealing on the sense,  
The comforter moves on,  
And one by one the sorrows pass,  
And peace at length is won.

'Tis the triumphant holiday  
 On which the angel's gaze,  
 The glorious beams of holy love,  
 The burden of their lays.  
 Fell pain it is the salt of life,  
 By contrasts we but know,  
 When man his lesson truly learns,  
 The hidden fountains flow.

WE ARE OUR EPISTLES KNOWN AND  
READ OF ALL MEN.

Spiritualists who have deeply at heart the wise and permanent success of their cause and the genuine improvement of their fellow man, can in no manner better secure their aims than by themselves becoming living witnesses and special illustrations of the excellence of the teachings they enjoy. Spiritualism has challenged orthodoxy in the most peremptory manner to bring forth her strongest reasons, her cherished treasures and shining jewels, and measure and weigh and compare them with her own. Let the former therefore look to it that her own be pure and shining, polished after the similitude of a palace. Coming up as Spiritualists do from every plane of thought, every shade and phase of religious belief, there is a great work to be done in remedying past neglect, in rooting out inveterate prejudices, and acquiring habits of respectivity and reverence in place of scorn and denial. Many an honest Spiritualist finds that his whole moral and religious nature has been so unwhitened or misdirected that he must commence with the very alphabet and elements of his true education. And there is no more hopeful sign among Spiritualists, none for which I love them better or esteem them more, than a childlike willingness and disposition to be taught. We must indeed enter this new school as little children if we would be truly instructed and made wise. I endeavored thus to leave all behind, to offer up the cherished idols of my heart upon the altar of Spiritual truth. And like the Patriarch of old, I find restored and doubly intensified all I had devoted to the sacrifice. He that leaves all saves all. He that selfishly or timidly conserves suffers loss where he most keenly feels it.

Still, as there are confessedly many theories and systems, many shades and phases of belief, both outside of Spiritualism and within its ranks, it would perhaps be well for us all to recall the counsel of LESSIE'S *Nathana the Wise*, in the story of the three rings. It loses somewhat in the translation but still retains somewhat of its oriental charm.—It runs thus, and we leave the reader to make his own application. The Sultan has asked Nathan, the wise Jew, which of the three religions, the Mahomedan, the Christian or Jewish, is the true. This is the tale in answer :

And the good father grew embarrassed.<sup>1</sup> So  
To disannoy two sons, who trust his promise,  
He could not bear. What's to be done. He sends  
In haste a jeweller, of whom he's well  
Upon the model of the real ring,  
He might bespeak two others, and commanded  
To spare no cost nor pains to make them like,  
Quaint in the true one. This the artist managed.  
The rings are laid out, and he looks in the eye.  
Could not distinguish which had been the model.  
Quite overjoy'd he summons all his sons,  
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows  
His blessing and his ring, and cries, "Thou hearest me?"

Now let us return to our rings once more.

As said, the sons complain'd. Each to the judge  
Swore from his father's hand immediately  
To have receiv'd the ring, as was the case;  
And he had long eluded their importune promise.  
One day to have the ring, as also was  
The father, each asserted, could to him  
Not have been false, rather than so suspect  
Of such a father, willing as he might be  
With charity to judge his brethren true.  
Of treacherous forgery was hold to accuse them.  
The judge said, if ye vouchmon not the father  
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.  
And to guess enigma is not my province.  
That the true ring should here unsing its lips'  
But hold—ye tell me that the real ring  
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer  
And lord and man be like the god of gods.  
Which of you do two brothers love the best?  
Ye're silent. Do these love-exacting rings  
Act inward only, not without? Does each  
Look on himself, and not on his neighbor?  
That your rings is true. The real ring  
Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply  
Its loss, your father order'd for three one.  
If that the judge continue to sentence,  
If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,  
This is my counsel to you, to take up  
The matter where it stands. If each of you  
Has had a ring presented by his father,  
Let each believe his own to be the real.  
Tis possible the father chose no longer  
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;  
And certainly, as he could love you all,  
To give you all he will, and not put peace  
By favoring one to be of two th' oppressor.  
Let each feel honor by this free affection  
Of his parents, and let each be content  
To vie with both his brothers in displaying  
The virtue of his ring; assist its might  
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,  
With inward respect to the good and bad,  
And if the virtues of the ring continue  
To show themselves among your children's children,  
After a thousand thousand years, appear  
Before the judge, and give the greatest one  
The first shall sit upon it, and decide.

So spake the model judge.

S. E. B.

VISITS AND WANDERINGS THERE  
IN THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

GH0ET, OR NO GH0ET.

A Spiritual World around us! it surely ought not to surprise us to find it to be so. Is it possible that any of us could wish it not to be so? Does not everything, does not all consciousness within us, does not all Scripture intimate to us that the "die of human nature, as to form and figure, is to be used again in a new world?"\* Do not many among us—do not most believe that, in the history of the world, Spirits have been seen, and have communicated important intelligence to man?—Why then should the belief asserted in its modern form be the foundation of so much ridicule. About the fact of existence in another state, or about the occasional flitting here of some beloved or terrible Spirit before the eye, there gathers everything but a ludicrous association. We cannot assert that it is so; but who can assert that it is not so? What Sadducee Spirit has penetrated all the secrets of matter so thoroughly that he is able to say there is no essence, there is no Spirit? while on the contrary, every age and every clime, with all their religions, with all their priestcrafts, with all their terrible mummery or tremendous secrets; the rhapsodies of poets, and seers, and prophets; the awful forms of fancy in the dingle or on the mountain;—Man! with all his infinite resources of cruelty and crime, his dread of death, his longing for the life to come—Science with baffled and broken wing, attempting to scale the causes of things, and finding everywhere the shadow of a higher law falling upon the laboratory, and the instrument. All these do affirm for us the existence of another world of other Spirits, and would perhaps furnish demonstrations too.

ing of the very words of which they were too imbecile to comprehend; while the more favored and ordinary portion of the population stood shivering in the church porch to see future husbands and wives, or the future dead pass along. The country was given over through all its borders to the reign of terrible superstitions. It needed some strong principle of human nature to be appealed to, to bring about a reaction from all these faiths or follies, whichever they might be, so firmly rooted, and demanded a very strong corrective, and it might be expected that the corrective would carry us almost too far in the opposite direction. From the extremity of credulity, we have passed right on to the extremity of skepticism. At one time our island was crowded with ghosts, now there is not

"It is now many years since, enlightened and reduced to a state of rational and philosophical incredulity by the sober science of Dr. Ferriar and Dr. Hibbert, we bade a sorrowful farewell to all our faith in ghosts, that 'last lingering fiction of the brain.' We felt ourselves reluctantly compelled, one after another, to relinquish each strange tale, to open our eyes to the cold and dismal realities of observation and induction, and to consign all the spectres of our earliest faith to the dreamy regions of romance and fiction. Nay, we may well confess, that with the exception of a few rare occasions, on which we happened to find ourselves alone, at unseasonable hours, in churchyards, or houses that were really known to be haunted, we had almost forgotten that there were such beings as ghosts. We had been looking at objects with microscopes, and dissecting them with scalpels and needles, and analysing them with acids and alkalis, and spirit-lamps, and peeping at them through the distance with reflecting telescopes, and, in short, as we thought, had been prying into all the holes and corners of this external world with most inquisitive eyes, and the torch of science blazing bright in our hands all the time; so that we never dreamed that anything so familiar as a ghost could possibly have escaped our scrutiny; indeed, we had gradually fallen into a state of utter oblivion and hopeless skepticism on the subject. In this sorrowful condition, what was our delight to be called back to the contemplation of a series of veritable ghost stories,—not idle tales of phantasms seen by a disordered mind or a romantic lover, but a record of real ghosts, seen and heard and attested by dry

Yes, it may be hoped that we are now approaching the period of a philosophical verification and analysis of popular faith; and, as we have already intimated, skepticism has served us in this. The doubting skeptic has voyaged on until he has touched the shores of the world of Spirits. Who could have thought that these men of the electric rod and the battery, the magnet and the retort, would have kindled for humanity a new torch of belief, and thrown a light from a new lamp into the world of Spirits? We wait in anxiety and in awe for the results of future investigations; meantime enough has been ascertained to assure us, by the probing instruments of science, of the independent existence—the immateriality and the immortality—of the human soul. Infidelity may, in this as in other instance, well say to science,—“What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse my enemies, and behold thou hast blessed them altogether!”

the fact of that hypothesis, first and fundamental—the fact most probable in itself, and which can be most easily proved or disproved, by the widest and most accurate induction, is diametrically opposite to the truth of nature; I mean the asserted correspondence between the development and hypothetical function of the cerebellum, as manifested in all animals, under the various differences of age, sex, of season, of integrity and mutilation.—This (among other of the pertinaciously asserted facts) I know by a tenfold superfluous evidence, to be ludicrously false. An example of the latter is seen in the difficult credence accorded, in this country, to the phenomenon of Animal Magnetism; phenomena in themselves the most unambiguous, which, for nearly half a century, have been recognized generally and by the highest scientific authorities in Germany; while for nearly a quarter of a century they have been verified and formally confirmed by the Academy of Medicine in France. In either case criticisms were required and a-wanting.

“L'homme est de glace aux vertes  
Il est de feu pour les mesonges.”

Surely these words, from a philosopher so sagacious as Sir William Hamilton, will, upon some of our dogmatic skeptics and materializing Christians, who are quite afraid lest a Spiritual world should be demonstrated to them, induce a more Spiritual faith; but, in truth, we shall have occasion, in the course of our little book, to show that from innumerable sources the rays of a better faith are shining upon us. It may be confidently asserted that materialism has done its worst; for a century in philosophy it has thrown the soul of man into dark eclipse. At last we are cheered with the intimations of a more benignant, and whole-minded age, and to save from all doubt, the form of science leads the way.

ders of Dream Land and Ghost Land. It is by the power of a vision and a sensitiveness, stronger and clearer than those of other men, that the poet is what he is. It is his mission to converse perpetually with the beings of the mind. The true poet has always been surrounded by a phantom world, in things and in men. He has seen more than could be seen by ordinary eyes; and he has found in this power, vision, his consolation and his work. From his urn of faith the lesser minds of the world have drawn their light. He has been surrounded constantly by a host of Spiritual chimeras of fire and of horses of fire. How well has Omar Khayyam said:—  
"Wayl! how many a man's life  
Curry, the young poet of Cincinnati, in his "Armies of the Eve," described the environment of the poet as follows:—  
"host girding round the sensitive Spirit, with light and memory, and aspiration and power:

"Not in the golden morning shall fads forms return,  
For languidly and dimly then the lights of memory burn;  
But when the stars are keeping their radiant way on high,  
And gentle breezes from the East are wafting the shroud  
Of those that sleep, whose stately millions the streaming banners weave,  
To marshal on their wandering way the armies of the Eve,  
The dim and shadowy warriors of our Angles and of Eves,  
Their forms and faces brush the dewy fern, and print the shade  
On streams;  
We meet them in the calmness of high and colder climes,  
We greet them from the blessed names of old and harp'd  
times,  
And moving in the star-light above their sleeping dust,  
They tread all the paths of life and of enduring trust;  
Around our every pathway in beauteous ranks they roam,  
To guide us to the dreamy rest of our eternal home."

And who has not, especially if ever bereaved  
felt the power and sweetness of Longfellow  
"Footsteps of Angels?"

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door—  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

They, the holy ones, and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Speak with us on earth no more.

And with them the being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me.  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies."

The best of our literature may be described as return to faith. And the literature of the next age will be characterised yet more by earnest, bright-eyed Spirituality; for our faith in nature, even the best of our great poetic teachers, has not been interpenetrative. It has been a faith like that of the old Grecians. We have, indeed, beheld close to the subjectivity of nature—the experimental teaching—the profound beauty—the inscrutable wisdom; but it is nature teaching us a great impersonality. How wide is the difference between Wordsworth and Tennyson, whose minds both partake of the Greek inspiration and model, and Mrs. Browning, to whose fervid and lofty Christian soul, far higher than the revealings of mute and passive nature, have presented themselves! There yet remains to be written the literature of the world of Spirits. The few pages of some of our writers, who might be quoted, are fragments showing us how rich such a literature would be; for we may not conceive that innumerable of these mysteries, to which a reference will be made in this volume, shall be explored, and their power felt by some one capable of giving utterance to the several marvels and wonders of the mind, of the age, or of the eye? or shall we rather say that, at that age, there will be no need of a poetic literature? Shall we not find that, when experience are rich and lofty, and the moods through which the mind passes are profound and deep, it does not need the aid of the vision of other men, but lives contented with its own? If the time should ever come when we shall be more conversant with Spirits than we now are, our poets will be, we may suppose, useless, for our own emotions and visions will perhaps equal theirs, or at any rate, furnish us with sufficient self-occupancy.

[To be continued.]

[From the Christian Repository.]

What is most remarkable, is, that there are more cases than there really are, for in five years this faith, this belief has spread from hamlet to city, from ocean to ocean, to *all nations, kindreds and tongues*. In the United States alone FOR MY CROSS is a moderate estimate of those who believe that "Spirits who once inhabited this earth, *do* communicate with mortals." This belief, this faith, must be either right or wrong, *true or false*; if false, it is one earnest duty to examine its claims upon us, never giving up to this or any subject upon reason or common sense, in this way, you may, I, *all*, can prove for ourselves its truth or falsity. It has silently but surely entered the houses of the high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, often times an unwilling guest, still coming, still pleading in the name of a loved one for notice, for investigation.

I have been called "crazy," because this truth has come home to my heart, as it were, "like the lightning flash," that our loved friends that were mourned as lost were near unto us, sympathizing in our sorrows, partakers in our joys, often giving us wholesome and much needed advice in relation to our duties in our earth-life—friends came to me with tears, and begged me to give up my faith, urged me to do so, not because they had given up this great and true and patient investigation—because that which I had seen and known to be true, was then an unpopular truth, and required a sacrifice of moral courage for one to defend it—even now they feel its potent influence. Instead of making mankind insane it comes to the sick and sorrowing; to those who have more than they can wield; to bear life's burdens, like healing balm to the wounded Spirit—giving to all who would heed its teachings *higher and truer* conceptions of earth-life.

erns all Spirit-communications or manifestations  
no matter of what form or nature. The undeve-  
loped Spirit (or as you would say untruthful) hav-  
ing better opportunities for controlling or using me-  
diums than the more advanced Spirits, as its in-  
fluences, its affinities are with earth. Were it not  
the teachings of our Spirit-friends to be imple-  
mented; were they all alike to be implicitly  
little benefit. *It is most exercise our reason and judg-*  
ment in our dealings with Spirits out of the flesh,  
as well as with those in it: treating what they give  
us as we would the same number of intelligences  
who are more with us; not believing that the  
change called Death, has made them all *perfect*,  
*holy, all good.*

Al! Spirits, whether of a far advanced or undeveloped condition, whether apparently manifesting the greatest evil towards us, or teaching the purest wisdom, agree upon this great truth. *"The progression of all Spirits eventually in the other life."* It is not this beyond the teachings, the manifestations of eighteen centuries ago. Is it not a far advanced popular theology? Is it not rational? Does it not acknowledge its own force? *Does it not tell its truth?* We have been taught that when Christ came and died, that God's revelation to man ceased; that men were no longer inspired. Spirits come to us, they tell us that God is revealing to man as then his will and laws; that the world needs such inspiration; such revelation. They tell us that we have lost sight of what Christ taught the manifestations of human creeds. They teach us to look up to God ourselves for inspiration and revelation—not to the Church or its ministers, but that our Heavenly Father is with us always. That they are sent by him from the Spirit-world, *"ministering angels,"* to prepare the way for the life that we are to live, and surely journey to the Spirit-world to us by the *most convincing tests* that they are with us, teaching us as our thoughts and lives are pure, so are we surrounded by *pure & holy Spirits*, giving us pure and holy aspiration; or as our thoughts and lives are evil, or low & degraded, we are surrounded by corresponding fluences from the Spirit-world.

"What utility?" They prove to us man's mortality, which the Church for eighteen centuries has failed to do. They show us, that when we follow to the tomb a father, mother, brother, sister, or a fond mother a darling child, that death is but the passage to a new birth; that the Spirit freed from its earthly tenement is ever near, is lost, is not separated, but ever with us; what comfort to the mourner, what a solace to the dying. Truly can the Spiritualist exclaim, "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?" I give you an extract from a communication received by the writer recently. I give it

showing some of the workings of spiritism.

"We want you to be our spiritual help-fully for our work and purposes. We want your cooperation, we want your hand to be *guides*, to connect the grasp between heaven and earth, we want you to show mankind the chain of purity and power, the links fastened on each pillar. In proportion as your intellectual soul grows, we want you to throw it out. Will you labor for us? I wait for the response to bear it home ward. Will you take the influx of light and truth that shall flow into your soul and pass it on to men, will you pass it on with usury? Live for the love of life. Be a faithful steward, you have the power, you have the light of heaven, convey it to thy brother and sister. But not for thyself, for thou art not the soul, will guide to the light. Remember, this is an entrance through love to the hearts of men, then comes Faith, then Reason, then Philosophy. Let the numbers you have brought to this light, a great multitude, that shall chant melody to thy soul when you come home. Remember that you have the power to work; stand between heaven and earth a willing recipient of life. Remember the relative terms of good and evil, the positive relation that we bear to our Maker: no position evil dwells around you, but a gradation from goodness to the greatest of others, and you will stand nearest to be the guardian still to those of lesser light, and so keep that bright intercession of holy light shining forever."

But I must close; this communication is no longer than I first intended; but when I realize that the Church—yes, even liberal Christians—reject this great truth, and its teachers preach again, advising their hearers to keep away from it, I feel as if soon “the very stones will cry out.”

Yours for all Truth, S. B. N.

Burlington, Feb. 19, 1855.

the first place, we cannot but consider

number of our ecclesiastical organizations as many restraints upon the freedom of the mind. Founded upon creeds which admit of no possibility of truth beyond their own formulas, they discourage inquiry in the largest and most important fields of thought. We agree with Kant, the great German philosopher, who, in one of his innumerable minor writings, distinguished whether any association is justified in binding itself to certain immutable articles of faith, in order to exercise a perpetual and supreme guardianship over its members, and indirectly through them over the people, contends that a compact of this kind entered into, not as a simple bond of union for the interchange of common sentiments, but with a view to preclude the human race from further progress, is against humanity, whose highest destination consists in the highest intellectual progress. 'A combination,' says he, 'which maintain an unalterable religious system, which man is permitted to call in doubt, would, even in the term of one man's life, be wholly intolerable. It would be, as it were, to blot out one generation in the progress of the human species towards a better condition ; to render it barren and menacing to posterity. This conduct in the religious community is upon the assumption that our knowledge of divine things is a mere chance like our knowledge of natural things ; that the investigators of the Scriptures exhausted their contents, and that nothing is left for those to come after them, but, as Johnson says of the followers of Shakspeare, to new-name their characters or repeat their phrases. But does this view do justice to the sacred word? Granting that its leading principle may be easily discerned,—a thing difficult to grasp,—the fact of two hundred conflicting schools each of which finds its support and nutriment in the same pages, for, as St. William Hamilton is fond of quoting,

"This is the book where each his dogma seeks,  
And this the book where each his dogma finds."

—even those who do not professively wear their colors. They too often terrify the ardent reformer, whose bright hopes they change by the magic of fear into dread spectres; they too often arrest the uplifted arm of science when it would strike from the rock or open out from the bowels of the earth some precious fountain of use;—and they too often array themselves on the side of effect traditions and mouthy abuses, whose living they should be pressing down, and whose living inspirations of hope and freedom. It is said the Justinian, when he had completed his Institutes, issued a decree that no comment should be written upon them, which aimed at more than a sketch of their contents or a transcription of their titles; well, the courts are apt to copy this imperial and arbitrary example, they impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, their own slender selections out of the vast complexity of truths, the few pearls they have fished out of the measureless sea, fancying that they have banished error, when they have only extinguished the independence of thought. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, appropriating the figure of Mirabeau, where he compares truth to the statue of Isis covered by many veils, that they teach their followers to lift a single one, whilst they flash their clubs and battle axes at the heads of all who would remove the others. "*Procul, O! Procul, esti Profani!*" rings the chorus, and the poor accused "infidel"—as every dissident is sure to be called—is handed over to an everlasting contempt. Now, what chance truth has in such a hubbub, it is needless to say.—*Putnam's Monthly*

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY ON PHOSPHORUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF STUDENTS.—The discovery of this singular yet simple compound, is no less strange than singular. To the alchemist and hunter after the philosophers stone—to the midnight experimenter who would turn baser metals to gold, are we indebted for this To this class of visionaries are we indebted for many of the most important discoveries. Brass, Bell metal, the immortal Bogus, have all come from this source. "The student of a Chemist of Hamburg, that we are indebted for the discovery of Phosphorus. As everything else had been tried; Brand was seized with the lucky idea that the bones of a Millionaire might, by chemical action of fire, be reduced to the precious metal, and his experiments resulted in the discovery of Phosphorus. Brand, thought that the bones of the *genus* of animals, classified by Cuvier under the name of *zoozoa*, would alone produce the luminous article, but recent experiments have shown that the bones of all other animals will yield the same invaluable article of commerce, and that bones are little else than the phosphate of lime—*Artyr*, a cotemporary of Brand, gave him £300 for the secret, and he traveled through Europe exhibiting Phosphorus to Kings and Nobles. Phosphorus is self-luminous. In appearance it looks like bees-wax, but in *truth*, it is more like butter. In the open air, it gives out a greenish lambent light—consumes itself and vanishes into air. It is a good conductor of heat, and the heat generated by putting it in the air, is so strong and burning up—Without Phosphorus, we could have no matches, and the flint and steel would have to be resorted to, to make fire. What is most singular in reference to the search after Phosphorus, is, that man's brain is said to have more of it, than anything else. Hence the expression—"a brilliant intellect," "a luminous mind," "burning words" that come from the Phosphorescent sensorium. It is calculated by one who delights in mathematics, that a good round head, of full capacity, is equivalent to one and a half gross of lucifer matches, in the amount of Phosphorus it will furnish.—*Weekly Comet*.

THE PEDLER'S BARGAIN.—One day a tin pedler with an assortment of nick-nacks, arrived at a village in Maine, called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the house who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ar'nt you got any rags?"

"None to sell, Sir."

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give, Sir?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware?"

"O, yes, marm, the best."

"Well, Sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the pedler, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, felt convinced that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart and supplied the woman with the tins until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man felt certain that the mother would rather raise the money than part with the child, seeing himself by the side of the boy, who was so well liked by the pedler, and he was not long in deciding upon the idea of having a ride. The pedler kept his eye on the house, and expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, he rode off a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

"Well, I think the boy is too small; I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"No, Sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall keep to it. You may start off again as soon as you please."

Surprised at this—  
 "Why, marn, how can you think of parting  
 with your boy, so young, to an utter stranger?"  
 "O, Sir, we should like to sell all our town pa-  
 pers for ten dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, and he never forgot his pauper speculation.—*N. Y. Reveille.*

**DEATH BY LIGHTNING.**—The French Academy of Sciences have received some interesting observations on the effects of the lightning stroke upon human beings. The following facts are the result of patient observations made by M. Boudin, surgeon in chief to the Hôpital de Dieu.

The number of people yearly struck by lightning in France averages 260. The year when lightning had been the most fatal is the century of France, comprising the departments of Cantal, Puy-de-dome, and other departments which are mountainous or present elevated ground. Out of 101 persons struck, 4 were struck in March, 6 in April, 8 in May, 22 in June, 15 in July, 19 in August, 14 in September, and 15 in October. One-fourth of the people who have been struck might trace the misfortune to their own imprudence, in taking shelter under trees, which attract the elec-

M. d'Abbadie called attention to two curious facts in connection with this subject. The first was that dead men struck by lightning had been found in exactly the upright position they held when killed; the second was, that other bodies bore upon them faint impressions of outward objects, probably similar to resembling photographic shadows.—Brutes, and even man, are exposed to the influence of lightning than men, and suffer more by its destructive properties. More than once a single flash of lightning has destroyed an entire flock of sheep;—and according to M. D'Abbadie, flocks of 2,000 in Ethiopia.—*Éclaircissement.*

33 In an imaginary conversation between Penarth and Boreacoe, the pen of Walter Savage Landor, there is the following passage: "The damps of Autumn sink into the trees and prepare them for the necessity of the Fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the genial pressures of recorded sorrows."—*Duffalo Republic*.

THE MOTHER.—It has been said—"The first battle that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or sailor in his hour's difficulty, is his mother." It clings to his memory and his affection, in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last word he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother as she instils the lesson of truth and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, always feels that she has left him a treasure in the bosom of the grave—but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office."—*Portland*